

## RAYMOND

The Centre of Southern Alberta's Great Sugar Beet Industry.

# Raymond Recorder



## RAYMOND

Where the prize-winning Baby Beef of Alberta are finished on alfalfa, grain and beet by-products.

VOLUME 35

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NUMBER 33

## Our Edmonton Letter

By T. B. WINDROSS

Edmonton, Dec. 15.—Premier Aberhart and the Alberta government had two pieces of good fortune last week.

One lay in the fact that the constituency of Okotoks-High River was able to visit his own River without finding himself the centre of a hostile demonstration by his constituents betrayed by sudden strategic repeal of the Recall act a few weeks ago when they were about to unseat him. He talked to only the faithful social crediters in his riding.

The other good fortune was the greatest piece of luck Mr. Aberhart has had since he became premier more than 27 months ago—the threatened disruption of plans for united opposition against him by political groups not of the social credit persuasion.

E. L. Gray, provincial Liberal leader, exploded a bomb under the anti-Aberhart united opposition plan when, from Calgary, he broadcast a condemnation of the Peoples League and of the Conservative party leader D. M. Duggan. He claimed that both groups had selfish motive in talking unity; that the Peoples League was being financed, at least in part, by eastern finance and being dictated to by eastern politicians; that Mr. Duggan as more eager for the destruction of the Liberal party than the Social Credit party in the province.

Mr. Duggan replied in an even tempered deliberate radio speech reminding Mr. Gray and the electorate at large that the situation in the province now is critical.

Too critical, he said, to justify any petty inter-party jealousies or personal squabbles, or any reflections on personal motives. But he presented evidence to show that Mr. Gray had once endorsed plans of co-operative action among parties, after that plan had been presented to the Liberal leader by Mr. Duggan. He pleaded that no narrow view be allowed to wreck plans of united action; he had no desire to wreck the Liberal party any more than he would wish to wreck his own, he said, because he believed in party government. His plea was for co-operation among parties in order to curb the economic menace of the Aberhart government and impracticable Social Credit theories.

The Peoples League replied during the week to Mr. Gray, too, declaring the charge of eastern financial support to be utterly false.

Last Thursday the government broadcast a gem of false propaganda. It was delivered by Fred Anderson, M. L. A. for Calgary, and it purported to tell about the government's activities in the realm of public health. The public health part of it ended in the first three minutes, with Mr. Anderson announcing that the banks were responsible for tuberculosis, because they prevented the government from stamping it out in Alberta.

By hammering continually at the banks the Social Crediters continue to keep the public from being too curious about just what is being done by Social Credit and just what, if anything, the Social Credit board members and "experts" are doing to earn their salaries or "subsistence allowances." They have been on the public payroll now since last April, and there's been no report yet on their activities, except one to say that nothing can be done until the people control their own credit.

One of the publicity articles being distributed throughout Alberta now by the govern-

## CAMPAIGN WILL LIKELY CLOSE NEXT WEEK

Finis is nearing in the present sugar making campaign at the Factories here and in Picture Butte. The power shovel which has been loading beets from the huge pile at the Factory, finished its work and pulled away early Tuesday morning. This leaves only the flumes full of beets, which normally holds supply for 12 or 13 days running, and estimates at the mill put the last of the slicing at December 23 or 24. This is appropriate of course but before Christmas the last of the beets will be through the cutter and the last closing down unit by unit as the juice proceeds on its way to the sugar room. It has been a good run, with a good daily average having been kept up. Beets have averaged well in sugar content sales of the finished product have been good, and in all in there is nothing to complain of in connection with the present campaign.

A large tonnage of pulp is in the silos at the Factory, but judging by the number of outfits which were there loading Tuesday, the pit will be empty long before the green grass grows again.

### SUBSCRIBE to the RECORDER

ment's propaganda bureau included a little while ago that quotation from "the 15th edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica," from the article on money written by R. G. Hawtrey, assistant secretary to the British treasury. Like the "Tax the Banks" pamphlet of a few months ago published by the propaganda bureau, this publicity release quoted Mr. Hawtrey as saying simply: "Banks lend by creating credit; they create the means of payment out of nothing."

Mr. Hawtrey did use those words, and that was enough for the purposes of the propaganda bureau, but it was like quoting Mr. Aberhart as saying "Social Credit is a failure" when what he really did say was: "Our enemies claim falsely that Social Credit is a failure."

Those words of Mr. Hawtrey were lifted adroitly out of the encyclopedia article in such a way as to change their meaning.

The truth is that Mr. Hawtrey, in that passage of his article, was telling of the effects of inflation, such as that practised in Germany after the war when printing presses turned out money in a steady stream and without backing, with the result that the new money was practically worthless, and dragged down the value of all the previously-sound money with it. The same effect could be expected right here if this government were to order banks to "manufacture" a flood of money without economic backing, or if the government itself were to issue it.

When a government orders such inflation, Mr. Hawtrey explained, all sight of actual wealth is lost, and it is only too likely to end in a complete breakdown of the currency system, the value of the unit in gold or in wealth dwindling to an infinitesimal fraction of its "former value." Under such government orders of inflation, said Mr. Hawtrey, "banks lend by creating credit; they create the means of payment out of nothing."

Those last words, stripped of their context, and their real meaning reversed, were just what the Social Credit propagandists needed to support their false theories of money and banking, and to fit in with all the other dreams which they must inspire in voters in order to retain power.

## Sadie Blake's Christmas Tree

Nada Belle

It was the week before Christmas, when all through the house not a creature was stirring, all the family with the exception of Mother Blake (better known as Sadie) were away; and she sat by the open grate so quiet that if you chance to pass her by and peep into the room you would have thought her fast asleep.

The dying embers chased shadows up and down the wall and all about Sadie's chair. Sadie mused as she gazed into the fire and her thoughts raced back over the years and all the joy and the thrill and excitement and expectation of the visit of Santa. But somehow things had changed, John and Sadie's children were much too grown up to have the old thrill and so Christmas had lost a great deal of its charm to Sadie.

The years had been more than kind to the Blakes. They had given her eight sons and daughters with never a vacant chair. Frank the eldest had added two more to the family circle by marrying Ann and they now had a dear little baby Emma Lou; so Sadie had another daughter and a granddaughter and just the drive way separated the two houses. Yes she had so much to be thankful for and she did wish to make every minute of her life as full as possible.

Then Sadie had an idea, Bobby would have called it a "Brain Storm", and when she had a notion in her head she was not like you or I, she did things.

The following morning we find a large tree in the library, 'twas in the same nook which you always found the Christmas tree, the same decorations with the usual new ones replacing the old or broken ones. But that was not all; all over the tree from the topmost star to the large branches at the bottom were tied bright colored paper flower buds. Sadie had had to convince the family to the plan but Sadie had convinced ways and besides, she had tree.

learned a thing or two in her years at the helm. She first told Bobby of her plan. Bobby was the baby of the clan who didn't much resemble a baby now that he stood almost six feet tall in his stocking feet and was doing his last year at district High School. Bob thought it a capital stunt, and so with Bobby's help and that of Dad, Mother Blake could always count on Dad in an emergency, mother won the day.

The plan was that each in dividul make his or her own flower buds and place their own name on the same; then the bud was fastened on the tree with the hopes of it blossoming before or by Christmas.

It was surprising to see how popular the library was from then on. The very first day Bobby's tulip, or was it a tulip? blossomed into a long box that might have held soap, or a scarf, or? But what each parcel contained no one would know until Christmas morning because bright paper and Holly Sprays never tell what conceal.

Late that afternoon not long after Bobby arrived from school Fern's beautiful sophisticated Grecian Rose burst into a parcel that looked very much like Bobby had struggled with tissue paper and tinsel cord. By the looks of the parcel it might have contained anything from an evening wrap down to a box of bath salts.

The parcels hanging on the tree aroused the curiosity of all the amil. Ben wrapped all his parcels in red paper and Jane bought silver for most of hers and tied them with dainty pink ribbon. Jack said that they looked like they were meant to be for a bride and the family had a good laugh because they all knew that Jane was going to be a spring bride, and as mother said, Naturally her taste ran in that direction. But when the week was over the excitement and curiosity had almost reached that of years gone by and all the family voted rousing good cheer for Sadie Blake's Christmas tree.

## First Ward Supper Very Successful

Marked success attended the First Ward supper and dance that was held last Friday night. Those in charge seemed to have the weather man on their side too, as the chinook arrived just that afternoon, and the evening was like a spring evening instead of the middle of December. From 6 p. m. on the tables were kept filled, until more than 500 people had been served. And right here we should say a word in commendation of the splendid work of Mrs. Clara B. Rolfsen in supervising the supper and its serving. It was a meal very well prepared and very well served.

The primary had a popcorn booth and the mutuals had a candy booth, and before the evening was over both were sold out netting a very nice sum for the ward building fund. The quality of the popcorn and candy too, were up to that of the supper and everyone received full value for their money. The people of the ward are to be congratulated on the enthusiasm with which they undertake these matters, and the fine

feeling of co-operation and working together that characterizes their every effort and endeavor. We say success to them and the ward home they are going to build.

### MISSIONARIES ENTERTAINED BY JACK DEMPSEY

Frank Taylor received a letter last week from Harold Blackmore, who is laboring in the city of Ottawa telling of a commendation of the splendid work of Mrs. Clara B. Rolfsen in supervising the supper and its serving. It was a meal very well prepared and very well served. The primary had a popcorn booth and the mutuals had a candy booth, and before the evening was over both were sold out netting a very nice sum for the ward building fund. The quality of the popcorn and candy too, were up to that of the supper and everyone received full value for their money. The people of the ward are to be congratulated on the enthusiasm with which they undertake these matters, and the fine

## RAYMOND WILL OBSERVE HOLIDAY DECEMBER 27th

In keeping with the custom of previous years, stores and offices in Raymond will remain closed on Dec. 27th, and Jan. 3, the day's following Christmas and New Year's day. This time Sunday intervenes, but the holidays will be kept nevertheless.

Most other towns and the city of Lethbridge are also observing these days.

### NEWS NOTES

Fred Burton of the Cardston News was a Raymond visitor Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. McPhee spent the week-end in Kalispell and other Montana points.

P. D. Bennett was in Lethbridge on Safeway business Wednesday afternoon.

The first ward is holding a budget party and dance in the Opera House Saturday night next.

Louis Bradley and Phil Baker have been in Billings, Montana, this week in the interests of the Beet Grower's Association.

Interest in our continued story is growing rapidly. See that you get the Recorder regularly and enjoy this fine serial.

Mrs. DeVere Hunt is going to Cardston tonight to spend a few days. She is assisting over the Christmas rush in one of the stores there.

Maybe a little early to be saying Merry Christmas, but not too early to be thinking it, and deciding how to make it one for friends and neighbors.

Every Rotarian is urged to attend next Monday night's meeting in the United Church. Important questions are coming up for decision and if you are not there to have your say the decision of the other members may not satisfy you.

Two interesting one-act plays were staged by the Raymond 2nd ward and Stirling Mutuals after Mutual on Tuesday night. A good crowd witnessed the performance and were well pleased. Miss Ruth Kimball coached the local troupe.

Trans-Canada airplanes are plying back and forth between Winnipeg and Lethbridge. The actual mail schedule has not been commenced yet, but the planes and pilots are becoming acquainted with the course and the stops, in readiness for the commencement of operations in the near future. The first flight both ways of the route was made Thursday.

If you want a useful and lasting Christmas gift, get the boys and girls of your family a Remington Portable Typewriter. Prices from \$3.00 per month up and you have the reputation of the Remington Co. behind your purchase. Call and see the styles.—The Recorder.

John Cook, who recently moved from Magrath to Raymond was a visitor at the Recorder office Wednesday afternoon. Forty years ago Mr. Cook was a linotype erector in the state of Missouri, which profession he followed for some years. He related a number of interesting experiences in connection with the installation of these machines and the hand compositors that were put out of work. Despite the years he has been away from the work, his memory was still keen on the fundamentals operating the same.

## "Fellowship" Is Rotary Theme

21 Rotarians gathered at the United Church in the regular Rotary meeting on Monday and listened to a very fine talk on "Fellowship" in Rotary delivered by A. J. Watson, Superintendent of schools for the city of Lethbridge. Fellowship knows no barriers of creed, color or politics and wherever a Rotarian is he is supposed to identify himself with the Rotary Club of that town or city and do his full part as a Rotarian. This Club fellowship should make every man better, and make him take a keener and more sympathetic understanding in his fellow Club members. Without fellowship our association in Rotary would be valueless, and in view of the great success of Rotary with fellowship among its foundation and cardinal principles, there should be no question as to its value.

The Ladies Aid furnished the usual splendid meal to which the Rotarians did full justice. Visitors from Lethbridge besides the speaker were: Bob Paton, Stan Peacock and Byron Tanner. Robert Boyd, General Superintendent of the plants of Canadian Sugar Factories was also present.

The next meeting will be Monday evening at 7 p. m. in the United Church, and every member is particularly asked to be present to discuss the time of meeting and the luncheon question.

Our Christmas cards are moving fast. Come in and get your supply before they are too badly picked over.—The Recorder.

### NEWS NOTES

A truckload of whitefish was here Tuesday. The fish came from near Edmonton.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Pack returned Monday afternoon from their trip to British Columbia. Lambert reports a very enjoyable time, but says he couldn't stay away any longer.

Lethbridge voters on Tuesday elected a straight C. G. A. slate of candidates. Successful candidates were Mayor D. H. Elton, and Aldermen Rorie Knight and W. H. Ripley.

His Royal Highness King George VI, celebrated his 42nd birthday Tuesday with a quiet luncheon in Buckingham Palace. The official holiday for King George VI will be observed next June 9th, as is the custom when a ruling monarch's birthday comes in the winter months or near to Christmas.

We were informed this week, unofficially, that some local people who had been in Lethbridge, came home and stated that they were going to do their Christmas shopping in Raymond, as local stores, as far as they could see, had more to offer than the city shops. This should make local merchants feel good, and we would at least suggest that Raymond people see Raymond stocks first before journeying afield with their minds made up for shopping.

Speakers at the Raymond 2nd ward Sunday evening were Mrs. Cliff Gough and Mrs. Doris Court, who have recently returned from England and told of their trip and conditions in the old land, and Elder C. R. Wing of the first ward bishopric who spoke, especially to the boys on the factor of safety in life. Graduations from the Primary to the deacon's quorum and advancement from the deacons and teacher's quorum was also part of the program.



# The Raymond Recorder

S. I. MAY Editor.

Published Every Thursday  
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the interests of Raymond  
and district

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

While there are many unpleasant things that force themselves upon us day after day, we should be thankful for Christmas, if nothing else, that it causes us to think more kindly to our fellow men, and to be more charitable to the weaknesses of the human family. It would be a wonderful world if we would always keep the spirit of Christmas with us. The spirit of making people happy, instead of delighting in oppressing and worrying our neighbors and acquaintances. We were going to say friends, but that is hardly right because a man does not worry his friends, he helps him, and shields him in every way possible.

This is not an editorial on Christmas, but merely a few random thoughts on the subject of the Christmas spirit, that enabled the Savior on the cross to say "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." The spirit that enabled him to say in the last hours of his agony in the garden "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me, but not my will but Thine be done." What a light one's life would be if he could spend his time in building instead of crushing other people's reputations and reports.

This is the spirit of Christmas. It is symbolized by giving of gifts, be this is or should be the outward sign of an inward feeling of love and fellowship to all, and hate and malice to none. If for only one day we could speak good of everyone and ill of no one it would no doubt be one of the happiest days of our lives. It would be a nice thing to try it. A character is not made of any one day's work, but is the result of a million little things that go to make up the disposition of the individual. A thousand sharp words a day, make a hard character. A thousand soft words with a thousand smiles a day make a character sweet, lovely, and Christlike.

The water that has run under the bridge of 1937 is gone. Whether it is sweetened with

love and hope, or soured by fear, criticism and fault-finding, cannot be changed. Today, and the future, however, are ours, to do with as we please. Shall we make the Christmas spirit of 1937 the same spirit that carries with us into and throughout the New Year, or shall we put on a smiling and lovely front for the holiday season, and then, like the crab, crawl back into our shells, and present an exterior cold and uninviting, except to the small circle of people whom we choose to call friends.

This statement is either useless or priceless. "He profits most who serves best." "Let him who would be greatest among you, be the servant of all." What will the future bring you in the way of flowers along the pathway of life.

## THE COUNTRY WEEKLY

The following is the editorial broadcast over CFAC one Sunday evening by the High River Times.

"It is a trite but very true saying that the newspaper is the reflector of human progress. The weekly press is a 'Close-up' of the countryside dealing mainly with realities. It has little hope and little scope for the hot, thrilling news of the city dailies, but it does seek to capture the color and vigor of everyday living; to transcribe to print the steady sure throb of life within its radius.

It emphasizes the happy and normal, and deals gently with the sad and sordid.

Even if some sensational news does stir the district, giving the editor a chance to play up human frailty or neighborhood tragedy in big headlines, he is not expected to bear down with blare of publicity upon the unfortunate or erring people. He is expected at all times to temper his zest for news, with discretion, charity and understanding. It is through what he may at times withhold, as much as through what he prints, that he retains the confidence of his community. In so doing he may violate the fundamentals of journalism, but he obeys a better law of compassion and consideration.

Despite these limitations, or perhaps because of them, the circulation of the weekly is not confined to the limits of its own horizon. It seems to hold a place which no other publication can fill, and the impression of news contained therein has been described by the Christian Science Monitor as "walking in an old fashioned garden, sweet with homeliness and fragrance of lavender."

## WEEKLY LETTER Winter Egg Production

In the last weekly letter it was stressed that if pullets or hens are to produce eggs during the winter months it is necessary to supply them with ingredients for maintaining normal body functions and material for manufacturing eggs. It is the same principle that applies to mechanical manufacturing that one must have not only power and equipment but also material from which to fashion the product.

It was further stressed that certain vitamins are essential and that these can best be obtained in biologically tested cod liver oil.

Fortunately the bulk of a balanced poultry ration can be produced on the farm though the already-mentioned vitamins as well as some proteins and minerals must be purchased to balance the ration for satisfactory and economical production. Minerals are usually purchased in the form of oyster shell, limestone grit, and bone meal. Oyster shell and limestone grit provide calcium

whereas bone meal provides both calcium and phosphorus.

Some mineral is also purchased in meat scrap but this feed is desired mainly because of its high animal protein content. Some animal protein must be supplied in the ration to increase the total amount of protein as well as to supplement the type of protein found in the grains. Skim milk is another source of animal protein and can be used to good advantage when available. Generally speaking, sufficient protein is not added to the ration through milk feeding but where liberal amounts are fed the meat scrap can be reduced to about half that otherwise needed.

No let us set up a sample ration which will give good results if other phases of management are satisfactory. The scratch mixture can be made up entirely of home grown grains and may consist of:

Wheat 400 or 300 parts  
Barley 100 or 200 parts  
Oats 100 — 100 parts

The mash mixture which contains the supplementary proteins can be made up as follows:

Ground wheat 800 parts.  
Ground barley 100 parts.  
Oat chop 100 parts.  
Beef scrap 75 parts.  
Bone meal 30 parts.  
Fine salt 7 parts.  
Cod liver oil 2 per cent.

The birds can be given access to the mash mixture and as this should constitute about half the total ration the scratch grain feeding can be regulated in relation to the amount of mash eaten.

More detailed published information regarding poultry feeding can be obtained free of charge from the Lethbridge Experimental Station.

The consciousness of "sharing in the paper as a publicity medium and as a news letter to far-off friends, is the most valuable asset an editor can have. Thrice blessed are the country correspondents who provide him with the little happenings from every remote part of the countryside. How heart-warming it is to have the friendly call at the office or by phone or letter with the word that grandma is celebrating her nineteenth birthday, that Brown has sold his steers at top price, that the neighbors are holding a shower for a burned-out family, that the young people of Lost Creek have formed a skating and debating club. Nothing of world shaking importance, one admit, but all pleasant little incidents which weave into the fabric of our daily living. And best of all, evidence of community partnership in the paper. It is the work of the editor to knit together all such events and activities into one warm, cheery patterns. And the more incidents and action recorded the more colorful that pattern will be.

The local newspaper holds a potent place in steadying or stimulating the morale of the community. It sends out its weekly assurance that in one small sphere at least, life is moving along with accomplishment, goodwill and good cheer. And no happier message can reach those far distant readers, waiting eagerly for the tidings from the old home town.

A good newspaper is the best evidence of a good community. "A stream will not rise higher than its foundation."

Vulcan Advocate.

Mr. and Mrs. Jolly were going over the month's budget book checking up on expenditures. Mr. Jolly noticed one item reading, "HOK'S \$3," and another "HOK'S \$7.00" besides others scattered throughout the book.

"What are these HOK'S?" he finally asked.  
"Heaven Only Knows," replied his wife.

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## NEWS NOTES

And now the kids want to know "how many hours before Santa Claus comes?"  
! ! ! ! !

Police Magistrate Jensen and Constable Ellis were here Tuesday on legal business.

One week from tomorrow is the big day. Kiddies have waited a year for it.

J. E. Maudsley has purchased a new Dodge coupe. He drove it back from the factory at Windsor, Ontario.

Sunday night was family night in the Raymond first ward, and the Snow family furnished the program, with speeches by Mrs. Orrin Turner J. Golden and O. H. Snow, vocal solos by Mrs. O. H. Snow and Alice Snow, and piano numbers by Alice Snow and the daughters of Orrin Turner and J. Golden Snow. A very enjoyable evening is reported. These family nights seem to be a great success, and uncover a great deal of hidden talent.

Christmas is not far away. Shop early and shop with Raymond merchants. Their stocks and prices will satisfy you all.

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Stay at the  
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Every visitor likes the home-like atmosphere of Hotel Grosvenor—for it also has the staff, the dining room, the guest rooms, the great lounge and open fireplace—the smartness you expect in a big city hotel. The shops, theatres, trains, boats and sight-seeing buses are just down-street. No bar to keep you awake. Write for folder.

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CJCA - CFAC - CJOC - CFCN  
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Truman Holt has purchased a new Chevrolet light delivery for use in his butcher business. Truman says "it's cheaper to change than to fix up the old one."

Ward conference will be held in the Raymond 2nd ward next Sunday when the Stake Presidency and representatives of the various organizations will be present to hear the ward reports. A full attendance of ward members is earnestly solicited.

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**GREYHOUND**



# Up in the Clouds

by Beulah Earle

## THIRD INSTALMENT

It was at the bus station that she made him set her down. There on that yesterday morning that now seemed so long ago she had left her few belongings. She claimed them at the checker's desk and trudged through the cool sweet night to a family hotel only a block or two away.

Registering, she chose an inexpensive room and put off the bell boy with smiling thanks in lieu of a tip.

But the smile came hard. Here was lonely night on the heels of a ruined evening.

Love! For a moment it had caught her in its spell. For a single instant it had glorified the vistas of life. And now it was gone, like the fading afterglow of northern lights.

She lay long staring into the dark, wondering if stolen ecstasy could be the searing thing she had been taught, wondering if love must always die so tragically, wondering why a heart without a wound could hurt so fearfully.

And lying there, it seemed as though a presence filled the room, as though Mont Wallace stood there holding out his arms and smiling contritely. Instantly the feeling was gone but now her heart had come alive again. Hurt there still was in her breast but it was sweet pain.

Life would go on. Struggle and woe and sorrow, glowing delight and fearful ecstasy would make its lights and shadows. But this one day would color the whole fabric of it for it was the day on which her love had been born.

She knew that this much was real out of the tumult of the evening. This much could never be taken away, that she loved Mont Wallace, and would love him always.

Even in loving she laughed. Wouldn't he smile at that? Wouldn't he grin to know this thing he had left in the crushing hurt beneath her breast?

It was a jest of fate. Only her heart had been ravished but she knew there would be no forgetting. Lightly he might go on from one kiss to another gathering them like trophies of his prowess in the air. Lightly he might test them in the crucible of passion, even to find one that finally claimed his own eternal desire.

But always there would follow him the adoration of herself, of Natalie Wade. Her heart could not bow down. It could not abase itself. But it could burn with an eternal fire that he had kindled even though he might never know.

Sleep came at last, deep dreamless sleep that would not summon even a phantom of this youth to her arms but in the morning she knew some glory burned in her before ever her mind remembered that she loved Mont Wallace.

Consciousness of him went with her to breakfast in the hotel dining room. It crossed the street with her to the morning office of the express. It stood with her beside the day editor when he complimented her on the story she had done and ratified the agreement of his assistant that she should have a trial on the staff.

Her name was on the assignment book. It thrilled her to find it there.

"Follow Wallace," was the assignment.

Natalie had enough of her father's tradition in her to know the meaning of that. She was to bring in another story of the new hero, and she was to telephone him. She was to see him, and spend what time she could with him until the deadline of the afternoon paper and perhaps until the final edition, that sporting extra for which she had written the afternoon before.

She was to chronicle every slightest incident in his life of that morning of that day. Yet strangely, she was not to write

the tremendous story of that night, at least not as it had burned itself into her heart.

She thought of the eager readers all over the nation who would be waiting for her story. It would be carried on the wire. It would, if she could do it well, bring a hundred million people to sit beside this one man, to question him and to hear whatever he had to say that would reveal that man.

Millions of girls, she knew, would be among those readers. Millions of girls would want to know what this man was like. Girls made heroes of men like Mont Wallace. They would follow him. They would write him. They would send foolish mad notes and requests for his picture.

And now Natalie knew what she would write. It was one story, at least, that all the girls would read.

She took from the pile of rough copy paper that lay beside her typewriter. She fitted carbon paper between two sheets and then she wrote the one line she knew would free her from the rules of newspaper writing that she knew so vaguely.

"By Natalie Wade," she wrote in the middle of the line. It would be a by-line story and she alone of all the girls and women in the world could write it. Perhaps it would not be published. Perhaps when she had finished she would find that she could not let it be published. But it must be written. And the lead wrote itself before her unbelieving eyes.

"I danced last night with Mont Wallace," it read. "I danced with him and loved it. For Mont Wallace dances as he flies; gaily, easily, excellently well. Unwearied by the long grind at the controls of his little biplane, by the prodigious effort it must have cost to hurt that plane from coast to coast in faster time than ever man made the flight before, he danced as though it were the first exertion of the day."

She wrote on and on, in each line something that would give the girls for whom she wrote an instant in the hero's arms.

And as she wrote she thought of that other story she might have written but did not. Kissed Mont Wallace last night, it should have read. "I kissed the man who flew from coast to coast straight to my feet. I kissed again the man who had bent to kiss me before ever he knew my name or I his."

There were in the story she was actually writing some touches of this man's humor, of the physical splendor of him, of the cleft in his chin that had fascinated her and of the brown hair that lay unruly on his brow.

Natalie had lost herself in the writing of her story. She did not know when the day editor came to stand behind her chair and to read the lines she had written.

She did not know when he hurried back to his desk and bellowed for Jimmy Hale, the staff photographer. It was not till she had finished what she was writing and had written the conventional "30" at the bottom of her copy that she looked up to find the photographer standing beside her and with him the familiar figure of Mont Wallace.

"Listen, kid, the old man wants a special picture on this."

It was Jimmy Hale's husky voice, Jimmy's slightly beary grin that backed the request. "Come on in here now. I've got to make it snappy."

Natalie followed him, a little confused with Mont coming behind.

And presently she stood in the cluttered room that was the photographer's office. Mont Wallace's arms were around her once more. And for the picture's sake she looked up into his eyes as she had done that night before when Jimmy Hale took the picture that was to tell more

than all her story had done and that was to bear as caption her opening line—"I danced last night with Mont Wallace."

That was the day Natalie came to know Jimmy Hale. A likeable boy who swore he could not write a line of copy, he proved to be the best instructor she could have had in the business of hunting down news.

Where things happened, there sooner or later—generally sooner—Jimmy Hale would be found with his small car loaded with cameras, lamps and other equipment of his trade.

Because the girl was given feature assignments almost from the first, she and Jimmy were thrown much together and he came to consider her his special charge. The time was to be when Jimmy would call her in the middle of the night if a story broke and together they would race to the spot. Jimmy to prow for significant pictures and Natalie to hunt odd interviews and special details that made good feature material.

Jimmy had unerring news hunches and it was he who, on that first of their days together, swung the car around to the mansion of Jake Marion, west coast plane builder and halted under the wide porte cochere.

"Listen, kid— you ring the bell. I'm with you see? You ask for the old man and flash that smile at the butler. Tell this Marion guy you hear he's going to build a special plane for Wallace to beat his own record. He likes publicity and, even if he hasn't thought of it, he'll probably go for it."

Instinct told the girl to give only her own name when the butler appeared and she gasped when the manufacturer presently appeared and ushered them into his library, for there sat Mont Wallace surrounded by a dozen beautiful women.

Monty came at once to Natalie's side. "This," he told the manufacturer, "is the young lady who wrote my story for me. You'd better tell her all, for she'll get it out of you anyway."

The sleek, gray-haired elderly man promised he would do that, and Jimmy set about at once posing the flier and the plane maker at the library desk. "Wait," the photographer suddenly spoke. "Where's the woman interest?"

He turned to a gorgeous blond girl of remarkable beauty and demanded that she become a part of the picture.

In the introductions that followed, Natalie learned that this was the stunning daughter of the house, Sunny Marion.

"Her name is Sonia," Marion explained, "but she turned out not to be the Sonia type and so we call her Sunny."

Natalie saw at once that the girl had eyes only for Mont Wallace, though she said little and treated the others with quite courtesy. She was so splendid a creature that Natalie felt quick jealousy of her, as though an instinct had warned her the flier could not resist her charms.

The story was much as Jimmy had guessed. Marion's company had seen the possibility of capitalizing Mont's gift. Marion had taken the matter in hand for himself and had rushed agreement through.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



RUN DOWN

When a clock runs down, it stops. In order to make it go again it is necessary to wind it. Winding puts energy into a spring and it is this energy that make the wheels go round

permitting the clock to perform its normal functions.

The human body in many respects resembles the clock. It gets run down. Fortunately, for most people, it can be re-energized before it stops, but just like the clock, it will not perform its proper functions unless the springs of energy and power are available within.

Why does the human body become run down? Because the supply of energy and power does not keep pace with the demands. When this balance is upset with expenditure exceeding income it is time to call a halt and look the situation over carefully. To put everything right may not be as simple as winding the clock.

It is important to know two things:—

Is the demand on energy excessive due to carrying a load beyond one's normal limitation?

Is food which provides energy being taken and assimilated in sufficient quantity?

A little heart to heart talk with oneself in the majority of instances will answer the first question. You know whether or not you are working too hard, or too long, or worrying too much. You know whether or not you are burning the candle at both ends. You know the amount of care you are exercising with regard to your body and your brain. If you feel run down - below par - pushing yourself uphill - depressed - do a little plain thinking and ask yourself, what is the cause. It may be that despite your care and conservation of energy that run down feeling persists. Then ask your Doctor to find the cause. He is trained for that purpose. You may require a change of diet. Some organ of the body may need toning up. The answer to your problem may be simply found and just as simply cured. But if the cause of the run down feeling is due to some more serious condition it is greatly to your advantage that the cause be discovered early. A stitch in time saves nine - an old adage that is one hundred per cent applicable to this discussion. Early diagnosis permits of intelligent treatment before too much damage is done. Thousands of lives are spared because of early treatment. Thousands of lives are lost because of delay in diagnosis and treatment.

A run down feeling is a danger signal which should cause one to stop and look. You may go by it without a crash but that is taking a chance and there is nothing heroic or sensible about taking foolish chances with human life.

Questions concerning health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 181 College St. Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

Nothing will put a poor product out of circulation so quickly as plenty of effective advertising.

## Xmas Cake

TWO GRADES  
20c. per Pound  
35c. per Pound

SEND YOUR ORDERS EARLY TO

Maple Leaf Bakery

## COME IN...

WE LOVE TO SCRAPE ACQUAINTANCES

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will come to your home every day through  
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR  
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## The Ideal Xmas Gift



## PARENTS

Give your Child this Advantage

SOMETHING every parent of a growing child should know—a survey of 10,000 school children has proved that a typewriter used for homework, improves general school work enormously. Spelling, reading and composition are especially bettered. Why deny your child this help, when it costs so little?

Not only your children, but you, and all your family, will enjoy using the Remington Portable Typewriter at home.

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**Sat., Dec. 18**

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**Xmas Gifts**  
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For a Real Merry Christmas we have  
Dishes, all kinds, Kiddie Cars,  
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at **Clearance Prices** that  
**Mean Real Savings**

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Table Lamps, Flashlights, Etc.

Dozens of Welcomed Electrical Gifts  
Shop with **Confidence** at

**Raymond Mercantile**  
COMPANY LIMITED  
THE BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

Fine weather has prevailed during the past week. Mini-garage built on his lot to house mum temperature was 16 below his truck in. It will be stuccoed Thursday night of last week, when completed. \* \* \* \* \* Merchants report business not been below 4 above just a little seasonal. very on Tuesday. There has been no busy some days, and quite slack precipitation. Mr. Gray at the others. On the whole Christ-A. C. kindly supplies us with mas business has been very this information each week. good.

Say "Merry Christmas"  
with a good re-conditioned

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Everyone of them Thoroughly Overhauled

Xmas Lights, Globes and Decorations  
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Get away from the Dust and Dirt. The Best  
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**Miss Muriel Phillips**

wishes to extend to all her  
pupils and friends  
sincere wishes for

A **VERY MERRY XMAS**  
and  
A **HAPPY NEW YEAR**

SPECIAL

**Low Fares**

FOR

**Christmas**

And

**New Year's**

between all Stations  
in Canada

FARE and a **QUARTER**  
for Christmas

GOING — Dec. 23 to  
2 p.m. Dec. 26

Return until Dec. 27, 1937  
for New Year's

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2 p.m. Jan. 2

Return until Jan. 3, 1938

FARE and a **THIRD**  
for Christmas and  
New Year's

Going — Dec. 21 to Jan. 2

Return until Jan. 7, 1938

for Fares, Train Service,  
apply

**Canadian Pacific**

A subscription to the Recorder would be one Xmas present for members of the family and friends away from home. Each week would bring them part of their Christmas present, and how they do enjoy the news of the old home town.

## WANT ADS.

**FOR SALE** — 1 cow, six horses, wagons, 2 stoves, harness.—Inquire at the old Witbeck home for John Cook.

**FOR SALE**—Light fumed oak Gourlay piano, also scenic Bass drum. Both in A1 condition. Would make an ideal Xmas gift.—Apply at Recorder Office.

Ken Stone was busy Wednesday evening stringing some colored lights across the front of the store. It added a nice touch to the decorated windows of the store.

R. J. Fansett returned home over the week-end with a new Dodge sedan, which he purchased at the factory in Windsor. "Bob" is so stylish in his new car he will hardly look at any of us.

Keeping the ice at the local rink has been a real job the past week, and keeping the kids off the soft ice has been even worse, according to John Bascom, who is looking after the rink at present.

Raymond and district have enjoyed a week of beautiful weather. A Chinook blew in from the southwest about 3 or 4 p. m. Friday afternoon and since then we have not had any severe weather.

**SHOPPING DAYS**

are Numbered

But the Gifts for Christmas  
are Numberless

**Shop NOW!**Selection is Still **EXCELLENT!****Brewerton's Limited**

Don't forget any of your means so much. We have some friends at Christmas time. A very nice ones at bargain prices. nice card costs so little and The Recorder.

**For GIFTS**

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Watches, Clocks, Costume  
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How many of the gifts you gave last Christmas are still remembered? How many are still being appreciated? You will find that every carefully chosen Electrical Gift you gave, is still bringing happiness... is still reminding someone of your thoughtfulness. So this Christmas, make sure that the gifts you give will keep on giving for years—by giving only Modern Electrical Appliances.

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